

may it be fulfilled what the prophet predicts: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Amen.

---

## DIALOGUE STANZAS.

COMPOSED FOR, AND REPEATED BY, TWO DEAR LITTLE ANIMATED  
GIRLS, AT A FAMILY CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL OF PURIM.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"Come forth, sweet sister! leave your book, we have no task to-day,  
The flowers, and birds, and sunny sky, invite us forth to play;  
Oh! think what joy, what happy hours, this long'd for day we share,  
And let us hunt for spring's sweet flowers, to wreath our mother's  
hair.

Come! we have days enough to read, sweet sister come with me,  
Away with such grave looks and thoughts! to-day is but for glee."

"A little while, and I will come,—I only want to know  
What passed upon this very day—a long time ago;  
Our mother told us a sad tale—that thousands were to die,  
E'en little children, sister dear—as young as you or I.  
And all because a cruel foe swore vengeance on our race,  
That from the noble MORDECAI no homage could he trace."

"But we were saved, sweet sister; death was averted then,  
Our mother told us ESTHER came, and there was joy again;  
She was so lovely, and so good, the king could nought deny,  
And so she sent fleet messengers, that Israel should not die.  
There! I have told you all the tale,—you need not read it now;  
Come dearest! to our birds and flowers—and clear that thoughtful  
brow."

"Sweet sister! let me think awhile, and then I'll merry be,  
Should we not think a grateful thought e'en in our sunny glee?"

It was not *only* Esther's words—but Israel's God was there,  
The king of Persia's heart to turn—His chosen ones to spare.  
And we should bless Him, sister dear, that He protects us still—  
And such kind friends bestows on us, to guard us from all ill."

"Yes, yes, sweet sister, you are right, not only is to-day  
For idle mirth, and noisy games, and merry thoughtless play.  
We'll love our mother more and more, and all our dear kind friends;  
And grateful be that hours of dread, no more our Father sends;  
That we may sport amid the flowers as happy as a bee,  
And cruel foes, can never come, to mar our childish glee."

"See, see! I'm ready sister dear—I've put the book away;  
Come while the sun so brightly shines, we'll weave our garland gay,  
What joy!—what joy! this happy day shall see us all together,  
E'en those dear friends, whom time and space, so long from us did  
sever;

Oh! many, many happy years, still spare us to each other.  
Sweet sister come! I'm ready now—the garland, for our mother."

1845.

---

## THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OCCIDENT.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Perceiving with real satisfaction the independent tone of your magazine, as regards the defence of our holy religion, which you are bold enough to insert, whenever an opportunity offers, undeterred even by the censure of those weaker and more timid subjects, who cannot yet conquer the terror, remnant of a past age, which supposes danger in avowing and defending their holy faith; I enclose you a MS. which I have long thought might be serviceable to the younger portion of our fraternity—but which great and continued pressure of employment, combined with other circumstances, prevented my preparing for your perusal until now.

Its history is simply as follows:—In the month of May of 1843, I